

An Admonition:
IF YOU ARE THE
PARENT OR THE
GUARDIAN OF AN
IMPRESSIONABLE
ADOLESCENT —
DO NOT BRING
HIM OR PERMIT
HIM TO SEE THIS

grumble butt



Raul BEGAN to Crawl...

Mute Point

#00008

If there is any single national characteristic that could save America from the fate of earlier empires, it may be social mobility. In 16th-century Spain, the ruling classes wounded the nation's commerce by persecuting the Jews. In 19th-century England, aristocrats myopically looked down their noses at "trade." America has never allowed a ruling class to become entrenched long enough to become ossified. Ruling elites surface, then are swept aside or overwhelmed by new money and new blood. Waves of immigration have renewed America.

BEDWETTING



IN THIS DAY AND TIME IT'S NOT OFTEN THAT SOMEONE OFFERS AN ABSOLUTELY FREE GIFT.

YET HERE IS THE MOST WONDERFUL AND PRECIOUS FREE GIFT ESPECIALLY FOR YOU!!

IT HAS ALREADY BEEN PAID FOR BY SOMEONE ELSE.

Reverend John Reznor Pliche' - nine inches/ jingo whoremonger/ voidless librarian/ em kcu/ wroughtful tension/ ritual bloodletting/ chaos weeping/ friar swindle, monkless/ as serious as cancer/ the device man.

This issue of Grumblebelle is a James Brown Production in association with the Love Bunni Press, Manchester Offices. A lease was signed relinquishing all responsibility of the party involved, meaning simply, that none of this really matters. It is all a sad little ego trip of a sick loser who has no better way to pick up chicks than by sitting in his room aimlessly typing, harboring some perverted delusion that all this will facilitate impressing the babes. No Way. Fuck him.

THERE YOU ARE AS A TEENAGER!

HAW HAW-HEY GUYS, THIS IS THE DIRTIEST STORY I'VE EVER HEARD. IT GOES LIKE THIS-



WHAT DO YOU THINK?



A SONG AND DANCE FOR : Sir Kent McClard; Davey Font; Emir Alii Hubba Hubba; Rev. John P. Guscott ksc; AA Duce'; Danniboy, Louis, John Keo; Dieter Gunderclast; Dr. Miles E. Diggumup; Lady Danielle; John Brannon; Howard Phillip; my houseboy Milton; Vale Cordence; Geek Shoetler; Rev. Jeckill Kegglogg and the Sect of the Octi Phi; Scooter McFeeters; Victoria Squish; Chivas Hikuas; Rockets Redglare; Fang Institute of Industrial Application; Love Bunni Pres; Tennison and all the Ur Reality Pirates; Gumbo Batons' Association for the Mentally Unstarted; Linteater McGillacutti; Majestick-12 Home Office, Geneva Wisconsin; Stu Bean and all the fine folks at HellBent for Lucy; kids 'n' friends ever'wear; and last and most certainly least Penis Inlures.

I am searching for the following things. If you have any of them and no longer need them collecting your dust or hold the knowledge needed for their capture, please get in touch with reality. I suppose "thank yous" are in order...

Helmet's 1st ep - Dangermouse toys, videos, any related stuff - Faust comics, posters, t-shirts - A Short Circuit at The Electric Circus 10" - the Playboy w/Sherilyn Fenn in it, any other pictures of her or any of the Twin Peaks women - Madonna pictures, t-shirts, posters, related items - Joy Division videos, books, related materials - Crucial Youth's X-mas 7" - Screamin Jay Hawkins anything! - Velvet Underground are really cool - a perfect girlfriend - fan mail - power, fame, excessive wealth - a kodak moment - Big Black records - an xl Black Flag t-shirt - the old Sisters of Mercy 12"s - Beefeater 12" - Jazz Butcher 7"s and Sex & Travel 12" - Japanese comics, toys, animation - anything related to or in relation to subversion, underground movements, al-turn/-native, conspiracies, decadence, tracts, rants - and finally Peace of Mind.



FLOWERS, GOOD WILL, RECYCLED LOVE
rev. John shthead pliche' ksc
2622 princeton road
cleveland heights, ohio
44118

Introducing

Yeah well, here we go the second

issue of

Grumblebelly. Last issue I wrote some sort of introduction reminding

people not to partake in those things not meant for them. By now this

should be ingrained dogma in your personal mythology. The one you have

made two copies of, one for public display and

the

other for

the private intimate moments between you

and

your gods.

Yeah, I've been harboring some pretty

awful

disgust.

mainly, but not entirely, directed

at you.

Fucking

Ego-Tripping Neurotic Hypocrite

Bastards,

one and

all. My faith has been

shattered,

not only

in myself but in all

of

humanity.

This last summer

has

been a very

fast one, in

which great

wide-sweeping important

and skilllessly executed.

plans were conceived

But to what end? So I got

a few zines out there, most of

It is junk

that most people only

care enough

about to agilely

ignore. But what do

I expect? If

I wasn't passively forfeiting

my hard-

nosed asshole

self-image, then

I was

turning my back to the evils of creative

compromise.

Submission can be a good thing when handled in

a perverse

sexual fetish sort of way, but as far as I am

concerned, nothing of any importance came of it in this case.

So? Lament your pitiful intellect woefully to sleep, you have

no one or for that matter thing, to blame but yourself. Yeah.

Fuck that. I can blame lotsa shit, but to what end? Certainly

not to any destructive one. So why bother. There

SCENE 1
2
3
4
5
6
7
8
9
10
11
12
13
14
15
16
17
18
19
20
21
22
23
24
25
26
27
28
29
30
31
32
33
34
35
36
37
38
39
40
41
42
43
44
45
46
47
48
49
50
51
52
53
54
55
56
57
58
59
60
61
62
63
64
65
66
67
68
69
70
71
72
73
74
75
76
77
78
79
80
81
82
83
84
85
86
87
88
89
90
91
92
93
94
95
96
97
98
99
100

is nothing left to be said that will amount to a condom's worth of Chinese Jism, about this sad summer of latent production. I sat back and rested on the weeping laurels handed to me upon my graduation into the Mtv Generation. Drinking coffee and eating right, boycotting masturbation and the white man's contribution. Fuck everything, I seem

to have gotten lost in the woods right outside the

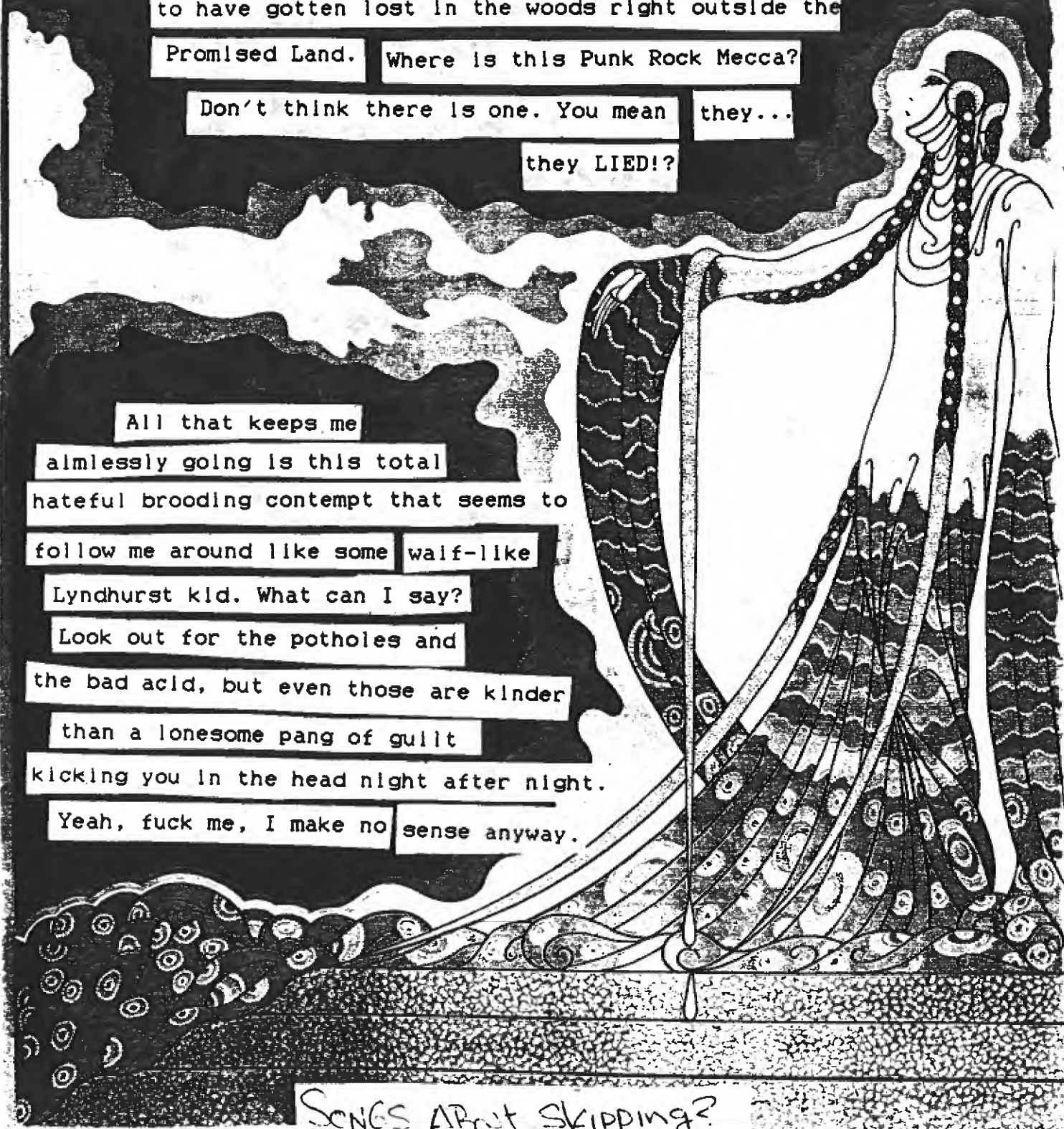
Promised Land. Where is this Punk Rock Mecca?

Don't think there is one. You mean they...

they LIED!?

All that keeps me aimlessly going is this total hateful brooding contempt that seems to follow me around like some walf-like Lyndhurst kid. What can I say? Look out for the potholes and the bad acid, but even those are kinder than a lonesome pang of guilt kicking you in the head night after night. Yeah, fuck me, I make no sense anyway.

SONGS ABOUT SKIPPING?



ZEEN·A·PHOBIA

...DRAG IN THE QUEEN...

CUT THE CRAP #3 (freeto area mike 608 high st. apt. 2 fairport harbor oh 4077) What? Not another bland zine catering to that ever hip college al-turn-native crowd? A chat with some Page dude from some underground college rock band named Helmet. Oh, but its not a down right filthy informative interview. No, that might be cool or even interesting! What we are handed is pseudo-journalism, a fucking Rolling Stone/Alternative Press style ARTICLE. Oh hold my testicles, darling, how professionally droll! Gee same treatment of Avail and a local metal band called StudMonsters. Layouts are non existent, which means that even flipping through it is pointless. A few scattered reviews and maybe a show review, who knows I couldn't finish the bastard, I fucking hate shit like this, really I do.

THE BOOK OF FALSE GODS (box 9471 schenectady, ny, 12309) A tough little tract longer than most and a lot better written. Constipated with info YOU need to know. This is a superior effort from a guy in "the know" about what is truly impotent. A new favorite around this little slice of heaven. I would strongly urge people to write to this guy and zine editors inquire about the distribution/trading system these cats want to start. I know that I will taking part, will you?

Reviewing policies are usually a waste of space and extremely dumb, but even dumber are pointless explanations of what and why I have chosen this or that to review, or not. Figure that knowing everything, along with the volumes of introductory words in existence, that I have nothing new to add. These reviews are meant open a few eyes and return the favor, a kinda you scratch my back type of thing. Oh well, consume...

SLAPSTICK DUNDERHEAD (stamps to all bubba, box 391 hempshrine collective, amhearse ma, 01002) Its like jacking your cock in an industrial sander only a little more disgustingly (edward) gory.

EXCESS #3 (\$1 to Godhead
Nathanson mitchell hall rm 625 514
19th st nw wdc 20006) This is good,
damn good. Not near as humorous,
witty, nor neurotic as Kent
McClard's No Answers, but Dave still
manages to keep us riveted to our
toilet seats. I wish that he would
concentrate more on self-indulgent
expression rather than the band
interviews. Not that he isn't apt at
getting people talking, it's just
that I feel that this festering boil
of humanity has too much to
feverishly soliloquize about to be
wasting space on bands like Fuel.
The Born Annoying Tour Diary was not
as good as the Erba Name-dropping
Diary contained in Crutchfarce Zeen,
but then who can top "The Erbs?"
Dave's discussion with the guy in
Neanderthal was invigorating, the
graphics alone made me all tingly
with pre-ejaculation tension. Oh
boy, the horror the horror. What can
I say, I really like this mucus
dripping rag, and look forward to
licking it up in the future.

NO SCENE ANYWHERE (stamps to
bill 7453 evening way citrus hts ca
95621) This is short. This is good,
considering it is over and asleep
before she can even get into it.

KWEEN KLAYNE #3 (\$1 to cia tesc
student housing bldg a, rm 312d,
olympia wa 98505) Somewhat dated
material, yet insightfully joyous
fiction and observations sprouting
from a powerfully beautiful spirit,
are quite timeless. In many ways
this is better than Murmuring
Memories, while showing natural
progression. This is the type of
zine that more people should be
producing, its completely honest,
sincere, and articulate. This will
most likely be over looked by most
people, as well it should be, not
everyone could handle this, sniffle
sniffle.



CYBERVISION (\$1 to box 65855
st. paul mn 55165) True mohawked
snotty attitude is alive and well,
and putting this zine out. This is
the way punk zines should look, the
first zines I saw looked like this.
Sloppy as a wet fart and black as an
oil pit. Disgusting as shit and I
love every minute of it. How can you
go wrong with something that
includes instructions of how to put
homemade spikes in your jacket.
Fucking god.

ROTTEN FRUIT (\$1 to 1058
beddingfield pl. westerville oh
43081) This comes out once a month
just like a blood soaked tampon and
is just as vividly enjoyable. The
best aspect of this zine is that it
is a constant reminder that there

are people out there into thinking
and writing about big tough strong
issues. It is something that I look
forward to getting each month,
because it restores my faith in
people even for the hour or so it
takes to read through it. It is one
of the few zines that is constantly
giving a good read. I like humanity
because of this zine. Is that good?

RAGNAROK (\$1 to Andre' box
29271 cleve oh 44129) Another kinda
monthly zine, the work of some
anti-christ, listing all the bands
reviewed in each issue is a

brilliant stroke of genius. I can't
figure Mr. Wainstead out, the guy is
really strange and his zine reflects
that. Anyone who did not have the
space to crack on the Vivians in his
zine is strange. Anyone who would
invite Charlotte Pressler to

contribute is not only asking for
trouble, but really strange. Anyone
who saw Decry and now deny putting
out a punk fanzine, is exceedingly
strange. Not that this is all
necessarily bad, its just weird, ya

know? I mean ya gotta respect this shit, but I mean you know what I am trying to say...? I just wish it was dot matrix and not that crappy laser print, really that laser print hurts my eyes.

Against Interview was at the very least as good as a re-run of Three's Company. Sure, at least hear me out, Sam is overhead saying that he thought he was it by Adam, Javier, and John; who of course misinterpret his

comments as sexual and a sure sign that he is dying. After some bumbling around the apartment in a mad-cap slapstick comedy of errors and truck loads of terrible sexual puns, the show ends with them all hugging and exposing themselves. Third off, the Combat Stance Interview blew me up a new sex toy. Beautiful exhibition of true hardcore burnout. They articulate a lot of what is unspoken by those GG drugged up college kids who sold their Youth Of Today flexis for the new Sub Pap collectable. Great shit there girls, a living example of the Price Of Maturity, maan. Reviews and news round out this issue, aside from the poor print quality and the bland use of space, this zine bites down hard on the vomit sandwich of bleeding maggots. Shit.

PSYCHOTHERAPY (\$? pete 5215 s. 58th st. milwaukee, wi 53220) Looking at this zine, just flipping through it, just looking at the layouts is the most intense experience I have had since stricken with unstoppable globs of diarrhea. Its really fucking intense, you are left completely helpless. Pete's style is so gothically inspiring that I just want to lash out randomly attacking people, this is god. The written stuff is incidental compared with teh layouts, if Hand Of god was this insanely brilliant or even embodying half of the terror then it might be worth something. Shit, this is something that inspires me to keep pressing on, really. Plus I just gotta respect a guy who actually sent me public hair in trade for a zine, what an asshole. Godlike Freakdom. I just wish it was thicker and visited my mailbox more often! Check out Pete's pages in Sound Off also, they are inspired from teh depths of Hell.

SOUND OFF (7875 w. oklahoma apt #1, west allis, wi 53219) A good first issue encompassing protest and organizational propaganda, reviews and a couple interviews, surprisingly no "Mao More Than Ever" clenched fist graphics. My biggest problem with this zine is an article written by Stacy Rodriguez, I simply don't agree with the thesis that Madonna and Monroe "think that they were in control but in reality society has them by their tits." Fuck that, sure its probably true for Monroe, but Madonna? Stacy's missed the point of Madonna, she's more than a masturbatory idol, she isn't Cindy Crawford or Elle what's-her-face, Madonna IS in

control and that is not only erotic but also scary as shit, she's a strong woman, and although shit will fly, Madonna demands and holds my respect. The points are valid on a whole, I just think the Madonna reference undermines your point.

HOTT POOP the swimsuit issue (\$1 to 224 whispering hills rd. so. plfd. nj 07080 user) First off, the cover is rad as puke, I'd love to be involved in a meaningful relationship with her for a long time, plus I respect him for putting his mom on the cover. Second off, the Born

Aside from my little aside, this is a pleasant read and well worth looking into in the future.



Streams Of

\$HITE

The rain left a faint sheen to which the neon lights reflected distantly. DeJa vu and my Knight slipped his Squire another mickey. Thirty-six hours later they awoke in a seedy pay-by-the-hour hotel, wondering. I reached, stretching my

body unnaturally, around into the backseat attempting to secure the weapons and assorted drug paraphernalia. Twenty more minutes till the boarder. I adjusted my

black knit hat squarely onto my head. The time tunnel flickers slowly altering itself beyond my normal perceptions, another twist and I find myself thinking that nothing really matters. My back hurts, the pain is sharp, cutting,

and memorable. There is blood everywhere. What have I done to myself and the better question, how? The road is empty except for the three triangular lights slicing the dread perfectly. The toll station attendant asks us what's in the back seat. Icy lies. Shots Ringing Ears

More or Less BLOOD Everywhere. We screech off numb, more dead than we could possibly have achieved sober. Time tunnel flickers. I remember how I got here, the knife to my pink flesh. The pain, all I want it to do is stop, but he won't. He keeps mumbling about some broad at the

diner a few miles back, and biting his nails. Occasionally spitting a bloody saliva covered cuticle into space. The airborne excrement lost from sight quickly, my attention turns to the radio, or lack thereof. Still no word. They all look alike,

inches away. He keeps rambling about this buxom babe or how she moved, nevermind. He repeats himself. The light at the end of the tunnel, the drug begins to wear off, and I wake up back on the street.

Astro zombies replaced by the shit smeared barely living crack addicts. The LAPD laugh as the homeless skinny boy is returned to

It's a matter of
being alive, really

the corner which he haunts, waiting for the turn of a trick. His fingers burned from holding the crack pipe too tight. Candy stumbles past, wish I knew her real name, he cares no less. His young sex drive smashed by cocaine garbage and exploitation. She just checked herself out of Rehab, a little weight put on,

filling out taunt languid features framed by a stingy copper-like mesh of hair. Completely frustrated and frightened, the Suburban Queen pulls into the well lit trash strewn 7-11 parking lot. She cautiously locks the kids in the maroon station wagon, while she enters the seedy establishment to inquire about directions home. The Night Clerk, missing all but two grappling large fingers on his right hand and

sporting a new set of upper teeth, shakes his unwashed unkempt brown haired head. Urban twang resounding uninformed guesses of directions to the politely nodding nauseous Suburban Queen. Somewhere outside the ambulance makes another screaming, run wailing out tell-tale

signs of another inner city casualty. The tunnel dims, flickering itself out. I land on my back, I can feel the smear of hour old jism near my hip. I realize that the cold wetness was not expelled by me, it isn't mine. Disgusting. How did I end up here?

proof and verification.

NOW...a new kind of

LOVE BUNNI

is a Trademark

MORE GRISLY THAN EVER



Love Bunni Press Home Offices, Cleveland Ohio

THE LOVE BUNNI PRESS PHILOSOPHY : words to live by

Experts tell me that my vision is faulty. I'm not surprised. But I don't listen to the experts. If I did I would still be cleaning tables at a small Italian eatery. I understand vision. I think that everyone that works for me has to understand it in some way or the other. Take Debra Crawllily, a receptionist here at Love Bunni Press. She came into the office yesterday and asked me a very troubling question. She asked whether I thought we were making a difference through the service we offered. I thought long and hard about this before I answered, "Ms. Crawllily, I do." It's simple, I know but goah-darn-it, its the truth. Since we began publishing in the winter of '89, the world has been a brighter, kinder, more relaxed place to live in. I'm not saying that I can take full credit for the fall of Communism, or the winning of the Gulf War, or even the death of Stiv Bators; all I am saying is that since we have been publishing, great wonderfully big important stuff has been happening worldwide. Coincidence? Possibly, I'd like to think otherwise.

Our commitment is not faltering as we prepare to take that next exciting step into the next century, let us just remember that without Love Bunni Press the world would be a cold and heartless place to live in. Support your Local Chapterhouse. Send money, food stamps, or pleas for assistance to your locally elected Love Bunni Official. Remember without you, we'd be alone!

Yours in Christ,

Rev. John Xerxes

Reverend John Xerxes, KSC
divine floundering father



he first night in a new home is a lonely one

I'VE HAD 21 ABORTIONS!

INTEGRITY

"Those Who Fear Tomorrow"

14 song CD / 12 Song Cassette / 12 Song Vinyl

OVERKILL RECORDS
PO BOX 20224
SEATTLE, WA. 98102



F R E E Z I N E S

Deepsix Superstition #1 three stamps
Deepsix Superstition #2 two stamps
Deepsix Superstition #3 (out soon)

No Exit #4 three stamps

Perilisium Cantos #2 three stamps

Hand of God
Dipstick Superman
free with anything else

Alejandro de Acosta
P.O. Box 391
Hampshire College
Amherst, MA 01002

trades welcome

WARNING: None of these zines have glossy
pictures of your hardcore heros.



FELLOWSHIP TRACT LEAGUE

P.O. BOX 164 LEBANON, OH 45036 U.S.A.
ALL TRACTS FREE AS THE LORD PROVIDES

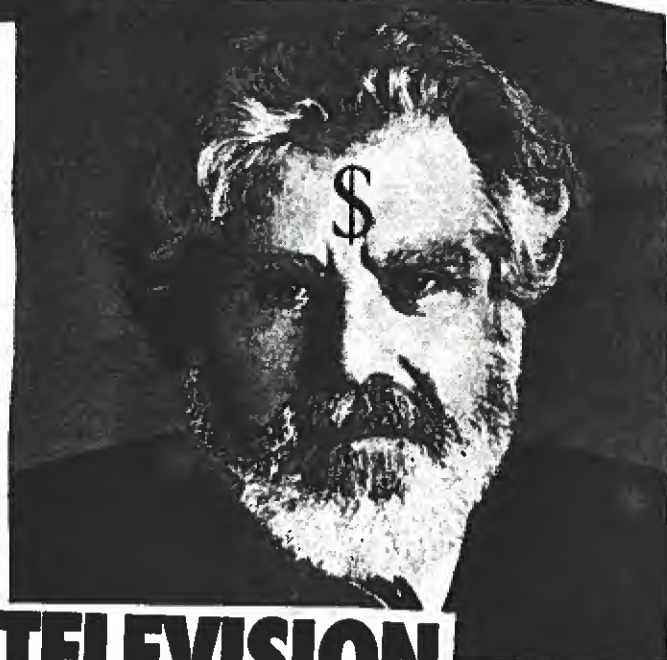


Kent McClard

PO BOX 680

Goleta, Ca

93116



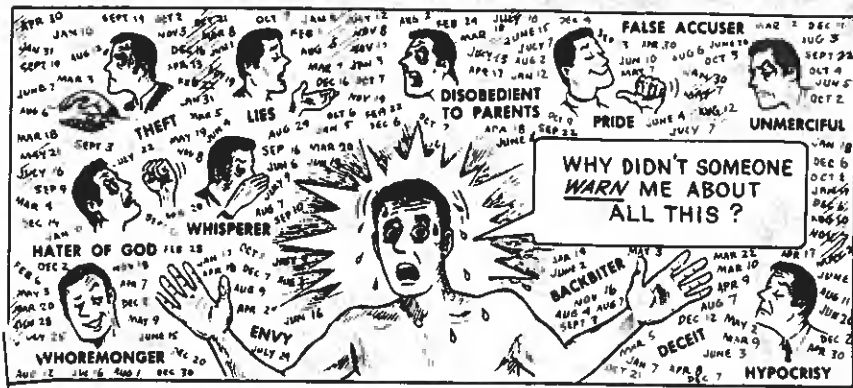
DINNER WITHOUT TELEVISION

MUSIC REVIEWS



DETAILS

These here. These are what are known generically as Record reviews, but a more accurate heading would be Music Reviews. Reviews of music. Simple as that, as if that were that.



LAUGHING HYENAS - live (10.5.91 phantasy nite club) Fuck. The best band I have ever seen, shit ever WILL see. Brutal, consuming, devastating from first drunken note to last bleeding howl. Sincere brutality, not that watered down street level shit act that so many of today's artists are trying to dump on us. There was no effort, no fronting act, no tougher-than-nails rhetoric, these are scary people playing what comes naturally. It doesn't matter, they aren't trying to convince you. Brilliant. John Brannon is genuine disgust, shredding his voice on every song. This is the closest we may ever get to that dirty underground blues music of the 20s and 30s. They were tighter than hell, spilling tension all over. Godhead. I have seen it, I bore witness. I can die now a happier asshole. I will sorely miss them, now that they are gone.



STEEL POLE BATHTUB - venus in furs/european son
MELVINS/NIRVUNA - venus in furs/here she comes now (both from the communion label, box 95265, atlanta ga, 30347) If you haven't heard the Velvet Underground's Andy Warhol Album, then these two records should hold no real perspective or relevance. The hauntingly gorgeous dirtier-than-infected-urine sound of the original band is almost impossible to emulate without the glossy sheen of outright parody. And the only true success is carried off by Steel Pole Bathtub, who manage to do justice to the ego that is "Lou Reed." If it wasn't for the gritty noise that seems inherent of all Steel Pole's music these versions might even fool Kurt Loder. The Melvins' version of Venus in Furs captures the essence of the song, portraying beautifully the mute pitched emotional current that Mr. Reed wanted to convey but just didn't have the insight. As long as the Melvins remain this insensibly disgusting I will worship at their toilet. Nirvuna? Who are they? Quiet and soothing, yet lacking that teen aggressive odor, ya know the one that emanates from youthful spirit? Fuck.

MELVINS - eggnog 10" (\$7 boner box 2081 berkeley ca 94702)
Charmicarmicat is probably the sickest noise endurance test I have seen preformed live and hearing it again on vinyl only makes me want to eat an 18 wheeler. They piss people off with this anti-music we-hate-you attitude, I reveal in it. The other three offerings are over quick enough so as not to get caught in the muck oozing off the other side. This is frantic enough to hold my fleeting attention, in fact this is probably better than everything else they have recorded, just because it has the total over-the-edge prize winning indulgence slab o' gruel on one side and on the other bleeding chaos. The layout ain't that shabby neither, fuck, its god actually.



RECOMMENDED AND USED BY SOME MEDICAL DOCTORS

HELMET - unsung 7" (am rep) Good press seems to follow this band around like some walf-like Lyndhurst kid. Not here. Although, naw, fuck this. Its watered down, sappy, and catchy.. What is with that voice? Where'd the anger go? You're not on a major yet. Its not like Anyone could be playing this shit, Its just that they don't. Oh well, heard the show ruled, huh? Yeah, fuck you.

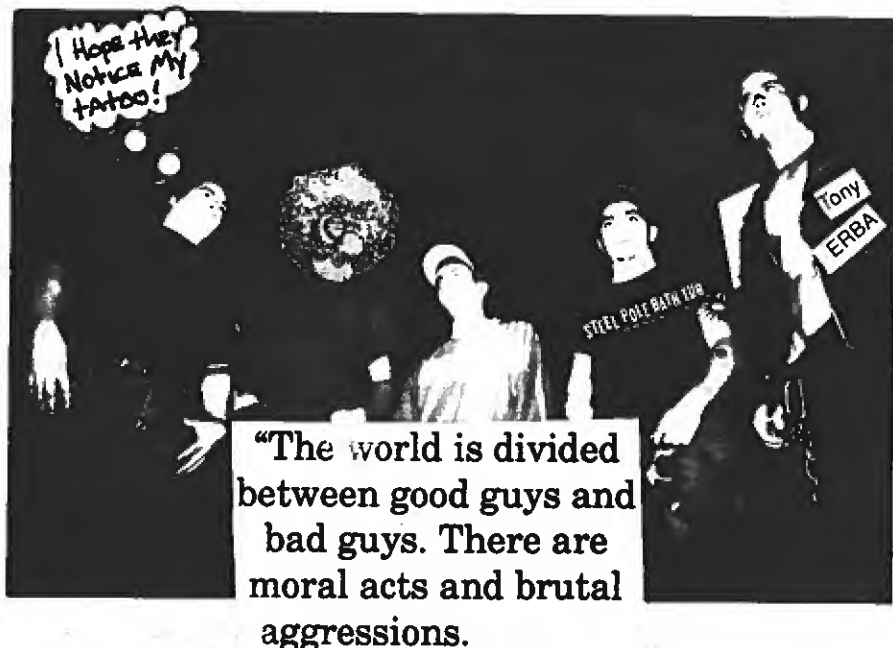
MENACE DEMENT - nanna/small town 7" (\$3 vermlform) This is a really hardcore record. Nanna crawls slowly at you releasing into a frenzied hysterical fit that then is shudderingly brought under control. Ever lose all sense of temperance or self-control, lashing out at nothing while everything? Only to fall into a weeping ball of frustrated emotional paralyzation? Yeah, that's Nanna. Small Town is a steady downpour of shuttering brilliance. Grainy, scratched, shouting numb vocals accentuate the raw methodical power of the music. This has the makings of an overlooked record, it is that good.

SPEAKEASY - promo tape (\$4 4598 mackall s. euclid oh 44121) They've gotten better, but how could they have gotten worse? Still sounds like a slew of others. Not bad. Now which one should I hit again?

RINGWORM - deemo - (\$5 25195 sprague rd columbia sta. oh 44028) This could easily get lost in mindless metal, if they were not as creative as they are. Mixing many different styles well, producing metallic hybrid monster. The voice is totally original, probably having a lot to do with saving this from the realms of shitola. Its a good tape, although, my big complaint is if I had wanted to listen to the Elfman soundtrack I would have bought that. But come to think about it, I didn't buy this, so fuck me. That Bowling Band is better, heh.

ROARSHACKS - needlepack 7" (\$3 mr. alva 35-18 93 st jck hts ny 11372) Pain anguish torment. Deliberate infliction despairingly executed. Have you ever been under the knife? Yeah, well, if haven't try this. The surgeon smiles as he begins to slice along the dotted wax line. Fuck.

INTUGRATA - them whose fearing tomorrows cd (\$10 overkill box 20224 seattle wa 98102) This is a total fucking rip off of about three really cool bands. No originality, personality, or emotion. Why can't they sound more like Fugazi or those nice Sub-Pop bands? That Harvey Lee Lucas thing in the begining scares me. It sounds just like the end of the world. Judgment day is the best song, its even heavier than EMH. Why didn't Araca play drums, again? This is satan inspired garbage, re-puke it! I hate this band! They have no real message nor substance, why? I guess, I'm just mad cuz they ain't straight-edge vegans anymores. Sorry, if my disappointment brings you down, I guess I was just a fool for ever believing in them, sigh.



NAUSEA - cybergod 7" (\$3 allied forces box 460483 san fran ca 94146) Finally a Nausea record that doesn't sound like it was recorded in a piss filled dumpster. Finally a Nausea record that doesn't have totally nausally annoying whining vocals clashing with the low guttural churning vocals. Finally a Nausea record that has a catchy beat that I can dance to. Finally a Nausea record that I can actually sit through. Don't worry, the politicking is still biting and the punk rock crust-core message is still stinking up the background, which means that even though the layout has been cleaned up by John Yeats they haven't compromised their roots, maaan. God is still as unpopular as your television set and the apocalyptic revolution is still creeping up disguised as social ruin slash decay. Also features one of the all time best covers, what a bunch of assholes.



SCREAMING JAY HAWKINS - cow fingers and mosquito pie cd (big evil corporate label) Howling voodoo sickness, gurgling blues-laced diarrhea, full moon pornography, rough and raunchy music to transform your suburban abode into a swampy

atmospheric sweat-stained rathskeller. Bordering somewhere between a perverted parody of 50s r+b soul and the soundtrack to a New Orleans nightmare. Always extremely over the edge of refined good taste. Between the death gurgles, razor gibberish, and mumbled scatman jive there is the silky voice of a great crooner. Lyrically pictureseque of a slushy shamanistic voodoo marsh dance ritual. The cut-up imagery manipulated is usually restricted to the tattered pages of a beatknit pulp novel. How can this not bring at least a smirk to that jaded overwrought emo-mug of yours? Something wrong with you?



BORN AGAINST - nine patriotic hymns for children (\$6 vermiform box 1145 cooper station ny ny 10276) Like an un-medicated epileptic fit this record is way, way too short. But this can easily be overlooked after bearing witness to its unabashed brutality, but once. Punching, slugging, and throwing its very self at you with the might and determination of a German Blitzkrieg. Lyrically fist-fighting the notion that intelligence, subversion, and insurrection are dead within the hardcore psyche. Musically destroying the notion that you have to have Metallica production to be powerful as a shit fit. This record is gruff, grating, and perverted beyond all of that reassurance that is shoved at us nightly through that glowing box of television. A hideous ultimate orgasm from begining to end, I am left is total awe...Fuck personified.

THE HARDLINE ACCORDING to...

The following interview was done over the phone on October 23, 1991 with the infamous Tennessee hardline tough guy John Life.

Life - Yo word. This is John Life in full effect. Dope pussy eaters step da fuck off.

Grumble - How would you explain "Hardline?"

Life - Standing hard on real moral issues, not giving in to weakness, exploitation, or perversion of any kind.

Grumble - You believe in Natural Rights?

Life - God given, yes. Right to life, right to education, right to free speech, and that sort of stuff.

Grumble - So that's it? What about not exploiting or abusing the environment and the ever popular "specism?"

Life - Yeah, that too. And fighting for our beliefs. It's about unity and fighting. We will fight as a unit those who stand in our way or are weak shit talkers.

Grumble - How do you justify not wanting to hurt animals with this violent mentality?

Life - Animals are innocent, humans are weaklings that are two-faced liars. The human being is the only mean spirited deceptor. Sometimes force is justified by the end results.

Grumble - This is all very revolutionary isn't it?

Life - You better watch it, bud.

Grumble - What I've read by the self-proclaimed Fuhrer Sean Vegan Reich, is at best contradictory and is anally communistic, how do you explain this?

Life - What are you talking about? I don't understand you. Sean is a really smart guy, probably the most intelligent guy I've ever...

Grumble - Don't get out much do ya Johnny-boy?

Life - This interview is over!

Grumble - Wait just one minute, what do you think of straight-edge? Do you hold hands in the pit or

do you mosh suburban stylee, boyeee?

Life - I've just about had enough of your shit. People like you are the ones holding us back. How dare you mock me?! There is no explanations that can be made to a smart-ass shit talker, the only thing to shut you up would be my fists.

Grumble - Now you're scaring me John. Just one more question, did ya have enough courtesy to give Sean the old reach around after wards or did ya leave him hanging high and dry?

Life - You sick fucking pervert. Homosexuality is unnatural and disgusting, a lot like you actually. I bet you are a faggot pussy, ain't ya? You wouldn't survive a minute out here...

Grumble - Yeah and I got a small dick and jerk off thinking about your mother...

Life - You're a fucking fool, you probably support...

Grumble - Hell Hitler, you fucking ignorant supremacist shithead, suck my fucking cock...

Life - Tough words from a little shit. -CLICK-

Grumble - Jesus fucking Christ will come from the heavens to strike down those who dare defame the Hardline! I fear for my existence daily.

scrawny oody or skin and bones into a powerful appealing shape. How? Simply take one-a-day Hercuplan tablets along with our scientifically prescribed meals. Don't let poor eating habits rob you of a powerful, attractive body.



TOO SKINNY?
Amazing New Hercuplan
Guarantees
**A NEW SHAPE
IN 30 DAYS
or pay nothing!**

AN ACTUAL LETTER INTEGRITY GOT IN THE MAIL.

DWID,

I AND COUNTLESS OTHERS HAVE HEARD THAT YOU ARE 'N ONE BREATH AGREEING WITH HARDLINE AND IN ANOTHER BREATH YOU ARE PUTTING US DOWN AND SAYING THAT WE'RE WEAK. WHETHER THIS IS FACT OR RUMOR I WOULD STRONGLY ADVISE YOU TO BE CAREFUL ABOUT WHAT YOU SAY AND WHO YOU SAY IT ABOUT! WE DONT PLAY GREECH GAMES WITH FOOLS SUCH AS YOURSELF. WE DEAL WITH OUR PROBLEMS ONE-ON-ONE! SO LET THIS BE A WARNING TO YOU AND ANY OTHERS WHO DARE PEFY AND DEFAME HARDLINE!

P.S. BY THE WAY, I AM NOT IMPRESSED WITH ANY OF YOUR FANCY POETIC SHIT OR YOUR FALSE EXPLOITS!

P.P.S. IF THERE IS ANY DOUBT TO THE SERIOUSNESS OF THIS LETTER I ASSURE YOU IT IS DEAD SERIOUS! AND IF YOU THINK I'M JUST SOME KID WITH A BIG MOUTH - HEY TOUGH GUY, WHY DONT YOU TRY AND CLOSE IT!

JON LIFE

BOOKS

Literature Reviews are hard to do for one main reason, it is difficult to READ period. Reading takes concentration, time, patience, and imagination, these are not qualities freely given by the gods. Whining about how people don't read anymore or how illiteracy is so high here or there is so unrealistic and useless, sometimes I even amaze myself. The simple fact is that Reading as well as critical thinking and for that matter higher education are gifts given, NOT natural rights guaranteed. If your interested, the following are some excellent volumes of words, well worth their while.

NAKED LUNCH William S. Burroughs. This is the classic that every beat off intellectual whines about when they want to get in touch with the "darker" street element. Romantic drivel that sometimes can come off as being redundantly mundane. The cut-up fragmented style in which this is constructed can swing to either extreme, parts being brilliant and others being useless. Nonetheless, the free flowing images are skillfully descriptive. Parts of this book will fight you in to submission, while the whole thing seeks to fuck with your sense of secure reality. The homosexual lynchings got to be a bit much for this hetro-centric, there's only so much I can take dealing with strap ons, free-flying shit, and penetration of little boy's fleshy behinds. Still the overall picture that is pieced together is well worth the pages of molasses. I recommend that everyone read it just so that they have a point of reference from which to jump, after all it is the most brutal beatknit writing I have encountered.

LAST EXIT TO BROOKLYN Herbert Selby Jr. I got this book out of the library because David Font told me that the movie had affected him beyond belief and the fact that Rollins is always having wet dreams about

this guy. The book does open in an unmatched and dually unrelenting exercise in inhuman brutality, which turned my stomach even though I predicted the outcome. But this is not an even work. The beginning sets up a whole scenario that if expanded upon would have been emotionally devastating, but the story moves into daily boredom and monotony. The second story, *The Queen is Dead*, fucks with your sense of gender but gets weighted down by the banality of "bennies" and the disgusting personalities involved. The third and longest story, *Strike*, is okay but by making the the main character so unsympathetic and annoying, I found Selby

minimized the violent climax. Oh well. The best part of the book was the last bit called *Landscape*. It is brilliant in design and execution. I wish the whole work had been so engaging. I strongly recommend that you seek out this book just for the last 72 or so pages which are neurotically terrific. The rest of the novel I plowed through just to be able to say that I had read it and to be as cool as Rollins.

THE ILLUMINOIDS Neal Wilgus. A well, altho somewhat obscurely, documented research paper on the development and possible impact

of the Illuminati and various other secret societies, in relation to various conspiracy theorists manipulation of them. Mainly chronicling the rise of the Masons during the French revolution, then getting into UFOs, paranoia, and assignation plots. Scary and plausible but also unbelievable and wacky. It is very easy to get caught up in personal agendas and sword waving, but Wilgus seems to state the facts as he has critically deciphered them. The book is very good at presenting arguments and then

counter-arguments, separating out racist fear or paranoia; but falls in fully describing free mason agenda or basic tenants of these secret societies. He seems to assume the reader has the same point of reference he does. Lots of questions were raised along with a strong desire to read more to see if this mindfuck can be supported with non-paranoid data. A quick easy read, which reminded me of a college writing assignment or term paper. Dated nonetheless, it is still a valid resource in trying to figure out the truth. Tom Wolfe, of course, thinks it's all "rubbish," but keep in mind that the conspiracy need not be true as long as people are willing to act upon it. Now we just have to figure out a way to motivate people...

FOUNDATION Isaac Asimov. This is topping my list of favorite books right now. I really had no expectations about this book, my mentor Rev. John P. Guscott had been telling about this novel for quite awhile, and I finally got to it this summer. I only wish that I had read it sooner. When I first began the novel I wasn't sure that it was going to hold my interest, it seemed that once he had developed a character or scenario he jumped away from it. But as I continued, I let him lead me as he willt. The action takes place

this is for kent and lance,
clean and smart, heh.

throughout the development of the Foundation, how it is persevered and maintained against the enveloping chaos of a desegregating empire and the resulting political double dealings. This book is totally logical, and having characters who are intelligent is a wonderful twist. Then by placing these intelligent characters in tough situations for which they unravel and overcome, makes for terrific reading. The playing of politics, second guessing, and unexpected marvelous plot twists had me laughing out loud. This is science fiction but don't let that dissuade your interest, this is more a study of politics, religion, and structural development than it is about ghouls or aliens. It's well written and thought-provoking, which alone separates it from almost everything else. Added incentive is that Asimov is considered the great Humanist anti-christ, by many Born Agains and fundamentalists. What more could you ask for?

NEURONANCER William Gibson. This is a flowing, extremely visual book, which paints a picture very close to the celluloid world of *Blade Runner*. This is a self-proclaimed "cyberpunk" novel which character development and explication of technology are noticeably lacking. Gibson unwittingly, I think, just expects you to know what he is talking about. Not that there are pages upon pages of technical descriptions, its just that some of the action and plot is lost on a computer illiterate like me. I found the book confusing and foggy detailed, at what I thought were crucial points in the story, but I still found the action and pacing well metered enough to keep me doggedly flipping the page. This is a clever book, which filled a need I felt at the time to delve into the gritty high pitched world of technical excess. If you are familiar with or have an interest in science fiction of this sort, I

can recommend it confidently; but if you are new to the genre read *Foundation* or something a little more accessible.



HOLLYWOOD GOTHIC David Skal. An oversized essay copiously illustrated with brilliant black and white stills and art work tracing the development of *Dracula*. Extremely easy, but fascinating, reading trying to untangle the confused web of Stoker's novel and its various adaptations, on stage and film. The flight over artistic rights,

infringements, and actor's ego politics. A rare, accessible glimpse into the inner shit dealings of the artistic process as well as the darker finical side. A really cool book if you are into the early development of commercial horror film making in Hollywood or *Dracula* as a cultural icon. As a reference guide leading into deeper analysis, I found it very useful. Plus the illustrations are awesome.

I, **CLAUDIUS** Robert Graves. During a PBS pledge week I caught the end of the t.v. serial. It was so engrossing that the next day I went to the library and got the book. At first, I was disappointed in the straight forward narration style, but as I progressed and became accustomed to the first person diary style narration it just kept getting more and more engrossing. I forgot that I was reading a work of fiction and really felt that I was reading *Claudius'* memoirs. The story is basically a history of the Roman Empire from Augustus to the assassination of *Claudia*, but it is taken in the context of the *Claudian* family history. So we get a insider's observations to the workings of the political system as well as the family gossip. A familiarity with Roman history and myth is very useful in keeping the character's name and significance in perspective, but not crucial to the enjoyment or understanding of the main action. This is a massive work, yet not terrible reading, which does not end in one volume. The story is directly continued in *Claudius the God* which I began but then school started, so, we'll...

CORpORAtE*MuSING



My fingers are a death-cold numb and my sensibility is almost the same. Inspiration floods in at the most unexpected times. Just as the choking reflex is about prove itself as violent as political ambition, something somewhere manages to dissuade me from walking away. Against all signs of foresight and good judgement on my part, I offer the following. A note though, "Understanding" is a vague concept that rarely plays itself out in my life, so why should it here? Follow? I expect nothing of you, a reaction least of all...

--> Hardcore is dead. Crawling from its sinderling ashes is a term of unexpicillitable taste and utter brilliance - "Post-Hardcore." Doesn't the sheer arrogance of this new catch phrase just bring a warm tingling feeling to the back of your neck? Doesn't it make you feel as if you are whole again, part of something bigger and more important than everyone else? All my questions have been answered and the wayward termless rebel music that we all love has now been named. Praise be the creators! Post-Hardcore, heh.

do you hate dot matrix too?

--> Fuck fucking fuck. Social situations are not facilitated by the attendance of school. I wish that someone would open up a discount store where they sold and re-sold "friends" of varying types and presuasions. Then when you got sick or fed up with the shit delt to you by your current "friends" you could exchange them, with little hassle. Of course, there is the good possibility that you may be traded in frist, heh.

--> Public Enemy have blately surrendered. Not that they were ever any great force of social commentary or means of change. If you like the music fine, go dance yourself silly but don't try to tell me they are in "the game" for any other reason than the profit margin. The joke is that most of their reviews will tell you how they are pumping out hardcore reality, yellin' it like it is. Yep, the only way "to make it" is to buy into the "system." Sure, if you want black empowerment keeping playing "the game." Fuck them. Change is not facilitated by helping dig trenches for "the man." Fuck them with a big broom handle.

well then fuck you, too.

--> When the end was near and the final curtian had been drawn, we looked about. High and low in search of some meaning. Any little shard of sanity or purpose, we began clinging and clutching. Out of fear, the fear that there was nothing left for us. "Everything's been done, you're doomed to cynical repetitious rehashing," came the laughing elder's death cry. A backlash meant to challenge the apathy, but the evil mainstream engulfed finally even those oblivious. Swept along in undercurrents which had already run their course. All the cards have been played. The race is too long gone. Make me the last generation. I am calling for the end. Let it begin again. A purpose higher and mightier than any individual. What right to life? This is a fucking privillage? I am willing to be wiped away into oblivion. We don't belong here anymore, we've wore out our welcome. Firestorm cometh...

--> I wake up with a hard-on and now I'm anti-social? I like women. I enjoy looking and watching women. What is so fucking wrong with that? Stop the maddness abort a idiot. Fuck the white male power base. Freedumb...heh.





WELL THERE YOU GO...

GRUMBLEBUTT explodes on the scene like a schrapnel grenade, scattering bits and pieces of itself all over reality. A brilliant sequel to GRUMBLEBELLY and the second in an installment of four. Tracing the evolution of one man as he journeys into the bowels of self-deprecation and through the tunnels of glittering temptation. A stark documentation of desperation witnessed by an unsympathetic, repugnant spirit. Destined to become a classic of punk rock methodology, already winning the attention of many fellow 'Zine producers, GRUMBLEBUTT is well worth the boredom that might accompany it.

The Critics Rant

"I like to read it because it can be interesting and amusing, but it isn't always the kind of stuff worth commenting about..."

- Kent McClard, No Answers Fanzine

"What is the point of things like this? I just don't get it (sniffle sniffle)"

- Alejandro de Acosta Jeepsex Supperpan

"An Epic fantasy...A devilishly funny work, loaded with humor, puns, up-level ironies that make you burst out laughing."

- New Age Journal

"Oh shit, not this again!"

- David Font Hoodwink scenemaster

"An unflinching, staggering look at one man's descent into the depths of repetition and his epic struggle to create something totally rehashed. Rev. Piche' will wrap you up and drag you into a world where what has come before is god, the only enemy is innovation. Brilliant..."

- Village Voice

"Its good for a zine, ya know, but I just really hate zines. Nothing personal cause yours is good I suppose, I just hate zines. Why don't you just write a book or something?"

- Aaron Melnick lead guitarist for Integrity.

love



BUNNI®

ISBN 0-19-501355-7